

THERE IS

No Living Physician Who Has Had the Opportunity to Observe and Study Nervous and Chronic Diseases That Dr. Walker Has Had. He Sees at a Glance What Others Have Overlooked.

All the many thousands of testimonials published and private which have been shown upon Dr. Walker by enthusiastic patients repeat the story of Dr. Walker's unparalleled success in curing all nervous and chronic diseases of restoring to perfect health and happiness the victims of cancer, asthma, catarrhs, dyspepsia, sciatica, paralysis, epilepsy, nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuritis, neurasthenia, hysterical, diseases of women, heart disease, kidney and liver troubles, and many other ailments that baffled the average physician. They tell of the suffering and aged men who are suffering from the effects of their own youthful follies and excesses that they may be restored to the full vigor and strength of perfect manhood.

STORYETTES.

At a recent large country wedding, says the New York Times, when the guests from the station and the various country houses to the bride's reception. "I am sorry, my dear," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of couples, "that we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wedding."

Robert McLean, of Greenboro, N. C., was once practicing before Judge Torgue, when he lost his temper at some ruling and used some petulant expressions. Instantly the judge said: "Mr. McLean, the court does not understand you. Do you mean to express contempt for the court?" Recovering his temper, McLean, balancing himself, said with the greatest good humor: "I hope your honor will not press that question."

Mme. de Cernus went to Versailles to see the French court, when M. de Turcy and M. de Segneval, both very young, had just been appointed ministers. She saw them, as well as Mme. de Maitelton, who had then grown old. When she returned to Paris some one asked her what remarkable things she had seen. "I have seen," she said, "what I never expected to see there. I have seen less in its ruin and the misery in its cradle."

Joseph H. Choate, of New York, at a dinner when he and Mrs. Choate sat at the same table was asked whom he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eye fell on Mrs. Choate, who was at the other end of the table looking at him with intense interest depicted in her face, and he suddenly replied: "If I could not be myself I would like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Disappointing.

Wool—I detect those opera-crash hats. Van Pelt—Why?

Wool—I tried to kick one once and it shut up just as if it was missing it.—New York World.

Steamer Macomber to Marshall Hall and Indian Head, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings at 6:30 p. m.

Her Love Letters.

Jennie Campbell came back from the tailor's shop where she worked and found a company of boys and girls congregated round the doorway of the tall tenement house in which she rented a small back room. They were looking and peering at a man seated in his shirt sleeves on the door-step, smoking a large German porcelain pipe. The man did not seem in the least disturbed at their peering and shrills, but smoked on with his eyes fixed upon the step of sunset sky visible above the grimy back.

Jennie pushed her way in.

"What's the matter?"

"Yah, Dutchy! I ain't a bloomin' soft! Give a boy a shillin' to go and fetch 'im somethin' to eat and is 'im 'ere for 'im! I ain't a 'style! Wonder 'ow long 'ell 'e'll stay!"

"Who is he?"

"A bloomin' Dutchy! 'E can't speak no English, 'e can't 'a to make signs—no nobody 'ere can't speak nothink else. I ain't a 'style!"

The girl paused and looked at the man. There was something in his patient attitude that aroused her pity. Some softer remembrance of the days before she came to this great, wicked London came over her. The man's eyes, so blue, clear and bright, and the healthy tinge of his wholesome face, smote upon her with a pang of recollection of the honest Scottish faces she had left with content for their content when she had started forth to see life in London.

She went up to the man and signed to him to follow her indoors. She tried to make him understand that he had been robbed. The soft gentle tones that answered her were quite unintelligible. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands and looked at her with that calm trustfulness one sees in dogs and children.

She smiled, nodded, pointed up the stairs and then ran out of the house. She returned with a loaf of bread and a half pound of sausage for him and told her that she would make that do. He was a stranger alone and friendless.

She put the things in his hand, pointing down the street as if to indicate that he had brought the things from the boy. He seemed to understand, took her hand and raised it to his lips. The action was so simple, so grateful that she felt ashamed and ran up the stairs to her own room.

Her next morning breakfast of a dry roll the next morning made her a little regretful of having let him in. He must shift for himself, as I have had to do," she thought, and she went out to her day's work.

When she returned in the evening she found him standing outside his door. He bowed and smiled, opened his door and showed his various purchases on his table. He had evidently found his way round to shops. She went up the stairs, feeling the least bit disappointed that he did not require her help any more. He seemed different from the jaded, vulgar men and women she came in contact with in her city life. The air of the fields seemed to cling to him still. She thought as she toiled up the weary stairs how sweet the country must be looking now. Was the sun shining on the hills at home and making the waters of the Loch sparkle, the bonny hills that she would never see again? Friends were dead, and to a tailor's at twelve shillings a week it was indeed a far cry to Loch Awe.

Something was on her table, a little sketch of a sweep of wide hills, with fir forests clinging to their sides, a little cluster of houses with wide overhanging roofs and shutters to the windows. A figure was standing in the doorway of one of the houses.

"That is his house," said Jennie to herself. "What a funny thing to do, to give me a picture of 'im! I wish I could send him back one of Loch Awe and our house up on the braes."

The next day was Sunday. She usually passed the morning in bed, tired out with her week's work. When she came down about the middle of the day, she met him coming in, evidently in his Sunday best. Could he have been to church? Well, it was clear he had not learned the manners of Eireka court yet.

She tried to express her thanks by looks

and smiles. He seemed to understand and laughed, and she felt with quick touch of dismay that he glanced in surprise at her untidy dress and untidy hair. Jennie did not "tidy" herself until afterwards; then in an enormous hat and feathers and much beaded head she perambulated the adjacent streets in company with girls of her acquaintance, not very vicious, only ignorant, vain, and craving for a little of that happiness which seems to all girls their birth-right.

That same hair was in papers now—she brushed as she recalled the fact—her hands were grimy, her face unbrushed. His eyes noted it.

They did not meet again during the week, but next Sunday morning Jennie with her hair out of papers and her hands washed, she was looking at the street corner when he came back in his spruce clothes. She gave him a pernod. She felt annoyed with him for some unknown reason and that evening made herself as resplendent as possible in her cheap, gaudy finery.

"He shall see that I can be smart, too," she thought, and tossed her head as he appeared.

He stopped, and drawing a notebook from his pocket rattled sketches in a church front upon it. She shook her head. He looked puzzled. Then his quick fingers drew the outside of one of the commonest type of house. She shook her head. He drew again and moved off. Somehow she did not like to show him who she spent her Sunday evenings.

The hair became very hot. Jennie dropped more and more in the unhealthy workroom and stuffy streets. He seemed to notice it, for on one Saturday night she found a drawing of trees and a path and figures walking about, and underneath the figures 2.30. Could he be asking her to go for a walk? She waited in to see.

At 2.30 a knock came at her door. There he was, with his square, ugly, good-natured face smiling at her. She felt awkward going down the stairs with him. What could they do during a whole walk if neither could speak to the other?

But that walk did not take place. The smart, the round her neck had been the result of her dinner. She turned faint and reeled, then sat down on the stairs and burst into tears.

She hardly knew if she was vexed or pleased to find herself picked up like a baby and carried up to her own room and laid upon her bed. She sat up and drank some water, while she stood looking perplexedly at her, and she blushed that he should see her untidy, disorderly room.

He went out. In a few minutes she heard her door open and something pushed along the floor. It was a little tin of hot coffee and milk and a plate of German rolls.

The next day another picture was left. It represented a large workshop, with men sitting at tables, all busily engaged over some mechanical work. Underneath was written the figures 30 shillings.

With unskillful fingers she drew an outline of a coat and waistcoat and a needle and thread and posted it at his door as she went out, but she had to come back again, she was so ill, and all day she lay there alone waiting for what was the only friendly sign in the world to her—the scrap of paper of the foreign artist.

She heard it pushed under the door at last and feebly rose and groped for it. Her hand was throbbing so that she could scarcely see that it contained a whole line of portraits—an elderly man and woman and younger faces, among which was his own, his family doubtless.

She made a rough outline of her hat, with a sharp oval for a face underneath. She was too ill to get it down to him. She pushed it out and trusted that he would fetch it. She heard him in the morning come up again, and then she heard no more, for the fever seized upon her, and when next she woke to consciousness she was lying on a hospital bed. For days she was too weak to speak or think, but when she was able one of the nurses asked her if she would like to see some papers which had been brought to the hospital for her, and the nurse spread them out before her.

The first was of a man following a girl through the streets, then the same man sitting alone in a solitary room with his head bowed upon his hand and weeping; next, the same man at a door, evidently asking questions of a porter within;

Our Golden Offer!

Still holds good from July 7th to 14th, inclusive.

to give them away as souvenirs of this beautiful suburb. Bear in mind, also, that we are selling the very best lots ever offered around Washington at the low price of

\$40 and Up!

Small Payment Down; \$1 Weekly. Ten Per Cent Off for Cash.

No Swamps, No Malaria, but Pure Air, Pure Water, Perfect Drainage, is what you get at

TUXEDO

100 Feet Above Washington.

Situated on the main stem of the Pennsylvania R. R., in Prince George's County, Md., within a few minutes' ride of the city and about one-quarter of a mile from the District line, with station on the grounds. Commutation fare, 6 cents. All lots are situated at a high elevation, commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

Trains leave every day at 11:40 a. m., 4:30 and 6 p. m. from depot, Sixth and B Streets N. W. Circulars and tickets at our office or from our agents at depot.

TUXEDO COMPANY, 623 F St. N. W.

TO EVERYBODY purchasing from us on the above named dates, we will give a Handsomely Chased and Engraved Solid Gold Watch, stem winder and setter. You may say, how can we afford to do this? Well, we have taken these watches from a large dealer in exchange for lots at TUXEDO, and not being in the jewelry business, have concluded

to give them away as souvenirs of this beautiful suburb. Bear in mind, also, that we are selling the very best lots ever offered around Washington at the low price of

\$40 and Up!

Small Payment Down; \$1 Weekly. Ten Per Cent Off for Cash.

No Swamps, No Malaria, but Pure Air, Pure Water, Perfect Drainage, is what you get at

TUXEDO

100 Feet Above Washington.

Situated on the main stem of the Pennsylvania R. R., in Prince George's County, Md., within a few minutes' ride of the city and about one-quarter of a mile from the District line, with station on the grounds. Commutation fare, 6 cents. All lots are situated at a high elevation, commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

Trains leave every day at 11:40 a. m., 4:30 and 6 p. m. from depot, Sixth and B Streets N. W. Circulars and tickets at our office or from our agents at depot.

TUXEDO COMPANY, 623 F St. N. W.

SILSBY & COMPANY, BANKERS,

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington.

LOCAL OFFICE: Met. Bank Building, 7th & F Sts., 7th St. & Pa. Ave. Long Dist. Phone, 573.

New York Stock Exchange Quotations.

Furnished by Silsby & Co., bankers and brokers, Metropolitan Bank, Fifteenth street, opposite Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Op. High Low Closing.

American Tobacco..... 113 113 113 113

Atchafalpa, Topeka, & S. E. 104 104 104 104

R. & C. C. 104 104 104 104

C. C. C. 104 104 104 104

Canada Southern..... 104 104 104 104

Chesapeake & Ohio..... 104 104 104 104

C. & O. 104 104 104 104

Chicago & N. W. 104 104 104 104

Delaware & Hudson..... 104 104 104 104

Illinois Central..... 104 104 104 104

Louisville & Nashville..... 104 104 104 104

Lake Shore..... 104 104 104 104

Lake Erie & Western..... 104 104 104 104

Manhattan..... 104 104 104 104

Michigan Pacific..... 104 104 104 104

New England..... 104 104 104 104

Norfolk & Western..... 104 104 104 104

Norfolk Southern..... 104 104 104 104

National Lead..... 104 104 104 104

New York Central..... 104 104 104 104

Ontario & Western..... 104 104 104 104

Pacific..... 104 104 104 104

Reading..... 104 104 104 104

Rock Island..... 104 104 104 104

Southern Railway..... 104 104 104 104

Southern Railway..... 104 104 104 104

St. Paul..... 104 104 104 104

Sugar Trust..... 104 104 104 104

Tennessee Coal & Iron..... 104 104 104 104

Texas Pacific..... 104 104 104 104

Union Pacific..... 104 104 104 104

U. S. Cordage..... 104 104 104 104

Western Union..... 104 104 104 104

Wabash preferred..... 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104

Waco & L. E. 104 104 104 104